

The Topeka State Journal.

10 CENTS A WEEK.

4 O'CLOCK, TOPEKA, KANSAS, THURSDAY EVENING, JANUARY 25, 1894.

TWENTY-SECOND YEAR.

CORBETT WINS.

KNOCKS OUT MITCHELL IN THE THIRD ROUND.

CORBETT AND MITCHELL ENTER THE RING AT 2:10.

AN IMMENSE CROWD OF SPECTATORS LOOKING ON.

ONLY THREE ROUNDS.

TIME WAS CALLED AT EXACTLY 2:22 P.M.

CORBETT LED WITH LEFT ON MITCHELL'S CHIN.

AN IMMENSE CROWD.

FOURTEEN THOUSAND PEOPLE ARE IN THE ARENA.

MITCHELL ONLY A BLOODY RUIN AFTER THE FIGHT.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Jan. 25.—This city was up and doing earlier this morning than it has been for many a day. It had been fairly lively all night long, for many of the sports were so late in getting

going up against the weakest fighter in the business."

Mitchell Hammers His Hands.

After eating breakfast he devoted himself to the care of his hands, and applying lotions to them to make the skin hard and tough. "Thus where I broke this hand," he said, holding his left hand flat and pointing to a mark on the back. "I hope you know, that it won't break again. There is just one thing about breaking your fist," continued Mitchell in a reflecting tone, "it's a mighty thing for the man it's broken on."

When finally when word came that it was time for him to leave for the ring, he jumped from his chair with the remark, "Time, is it? Good enough." Quickly picking up his hat, he started down the stairs, followed by "But" Masterson, Jim Hall, "Pony" Moore, Tom Allen, Davis and Steve O'Donnell. Carriages were in waiting and not less than three minutes after the call, the party was on its way to the ring.

The Roarant Crowd.

The weather which had fair during the early morning hours, turned for the worse, and the rain came down in sheets, flooding the streets and making everything messy and uncomfortable.

The arena, which had no roof except directly over the ring, and the tables for the newspaper men, are thoroughly soaked.

The soil of Jacksonville is composed entirely of sand and the water soaked away quickly. There is, therefore, a chance that by the time the fight is called the mud may have disappeared sufficiently to make things not entirely unpleasant. The troupe of the poor Duval club were augmented this morning by Jack Dempsey, who is to be in the ring behind Corbett.

Corbett's Gloves on the Ring.

Corbett and his retinue of attendants

went of the fight, and there were dozens of wagers that the Englishman will stay in the ring for twenty rounds.

John Kelly's \$20,000.

At noon John Kelly walked jauntily into the Duval Club bank, producing the famous check, said: "Is this worth anything?"

The \$20,000 in crisp greenbacks were paid over to the New Yorker, and he put the money in his inside pocket.

"My yacht is right in the river here," said Col. Frank Coleman to Kelly, "if you want to get away with the trick, just say the word."

But "Honest" John did not yield to the temptation.

AT THE RINGSIDE.

FOURTEEN THOUSAND PEOPLE GATHER IN THE BIG ARENA.

RINGSIDE, DUVAL ATHLETIC CLUB ARENA, JACKSONVILLE, Jan. 25.—1 p.m.—The arena already contains about 14,000 sports. Corbett is a hot favorite, but the betting has practically been brought to a close.

A large force of city police is on hand, but there are no military men in sight, notwithstanding the cut rate offered to the visiting rifle men by the club. The assemblage is remarkably quiet and expectant.

All around the great structure the moistureless crowd glistens even to the crevices between the beams, while enclosed in and beside the throng was lying aside its multifarious seats. The temperature was high and the contact of thousands in the moist atmosphere was generating discomfort to the waiting crowd.

THE CROWD COMPLAINS.

The stream of sports toward the arena began at 11 o'clock, at which hour a constant succession of vehicles was laboring

surrounded by his attendants, with all the paraphernalia ofistic warfare.

Mitchell was blanketed, and as he ascended the platform and entered the ring he was greeted with mingled hisses and cheers.

Some minutes elapsed while Mitchell waited before the tall champion of the western hemisphere appeared on his journey to the ring.

There was little else than applause in the greetings he received as he took his place in the corner drawn for him, Mitchell, as Corbett came on, while removing every attention possible from his handles, was himself at perfect ease, and narrowly scanned his tall opponent as he mounted. Corbett, upon entering the ring turned a leisure glance upon the blanketed Briton whom he was about to try to kill, and then took his seat.

Throwing his arms on the ropes on either side of him, Corbett leaned back in his chair, and with a deliberate gaze took in his foe, who sat directly opposite. The workmen had not finished padding the posts and fully a dozen of them were placing pillows around them. The pillows, however, were too short and a space of fully thirty inches was left between the bottom of the pillow and the floor of the platform.

It made an ugly place for a man to strike his head upon, but should happen to be knocked down against it. A huge chunk of rosin was thrown on the platform. This was quickly broken into small pieces and tramped into powder by the workmen.

This proceeding was not viewed with a great amount of approval by the spectators, as it is almost impossible to reduce the stuff to a powder, and a man falling upon it is certain to have it adhere to his flesh, cutting it or causing it to smart intensely.

This would have been bad enough, had the ring been padded, but with a solid pine floor without a suggestion of padding, it is infinitely worse.

While flying pillows upon the ring posts, one of the club members, Mr. Owings Warm, stripped off his coat and hung it over a rope at one side. Then he proceeded with his work.

Shortly there was a thud upon the floor of the ring and a big loaded revolver rolled over on its side and came to rest. Instantly a shout went up from the newspaper men, into whose eyes the barrel of the weapon was pointing.

They could see the fog colored leaden bullets of the cartridges pouring forth from the revolver shell. "Here, for God's sake, turn that thing around," shouted some northern correspondent.

While one gang of men were working on the rosin, another laboring to pitch a canvas from the roof to the edges of the arena.

This was a feeble effort to keep out the rain, which came down in fearful spurts, but was death to the hopes of those that had discovered the mode of entrance to ring. It effectively prevented them from slipping over the edge of the walls.

THE FIGHT IN DETAIL.

TIME IS CALLED BY THE REFEREE AT 2:22 P.M.

AT THE RINGSIDE, JACKSONVILLE, Jan. 25.—At length the preliminary instructions of the referee to the contestants and their henchmen were concluded and all being in readiness, the word was given which called the men to the center.

For an instant their gloved hands met; then they returned to their corners and at length time was called at 2:22 p.m.

ROUNDS.

Corbett led with left on Mitchell's chin; they clinched, exchanged a few blows, and Jim Hall, "Pony" Moore, and John Clegg, Corbett's left eye became.

Mitchell reaches the ribs. Another exchange and Mitchell clinches. Mitchell gets one to Jim Corbett's neck and Jim lands right and left again just as time called. Mitchell landed good body blow. Moors comes in first round. It looks as if it would be a wicked fight.

SECOND ROUND.

A wild exchange and a clinch. Corbett upper cuts his man as they come together. Mitchell lands hard on the ribs and as Mitchell came in Jim caught him on the head staggering him. Corbett upper cut Mitchell again and lands with right on Charlie's ribs. Mitchell reaching Jim's chin. As a sharp rally with Corbett having all the best of it, Mitchell got in twice on Corbett's neck, Corbett knocks him down twice in succession. Jim scored his man cleanly and knocked him down again as he essayed to rise. The going saved Mitchell.

THIRD ROUND.

Mitchell rather groggy. Corbett rushed at him, swing right and left heavily on Mitchell's neck. Charley went down; he took the full time to arise and then Corbett rushed at him like a tiger. Mitchell clinched, Corbett threw him off and floors him with a stiff face. Again he took all the time to rise and when he advanced toward Corbett, the latter swing his right with deadly effect on Charlie's nose. Mitchell rallied and beat on his face helpless. The referee counted one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight nine. Mitchell is knocked out. The referee declared Corbett winner of the bout and awarded him the \$20,000. Mitchell's face was covered with blood. He was carried to his corner in a helpless condition. Time of fight 4 minutes.

THE REGULATION Platform.

The platform is of the regulation pattern. Inside, the stakes through which the ropes are run are being heavily padded on the edge of the platform, and at a distance of about three feet from the ring is a strong barbed wire fence. Workmen are busy making arrangements for lighting the enclosure with gasoline, should the contest be prolonged.

Only about one-half the enclosure is roofed and unless the rain, which has been falling all morning ceases, the majority of the spectators will be drenched.

1:30 p.m.—One of the spectators, with a strong western accent, rose in his place and shouted that a gentleman there wanted to bet one hundred head of cattle against \$5,000 that Corbett would win. Instantly some one shouted from the other side of the ring, "Bring in your cattle." There was a shout of laughter and the first speaker subsided.

ALL CORBETT'S BATTLE.

He was all Corbett's battle, though Mitchell made a show in the first round.

The men did not shake hands at the beginning of the fight. The referee called upon the men to do so, but neither responded.

THE ARENA.

THE STRUCTURE WHERE THE FIGHT WAS HELD NOT BENEATH.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Jan. 25.—The arena in which the gladiators faced each other is a rough, undressed, pine structure, four-sided and beautifully situated on the outskirts of the city, with a fence landscape which ever way you may turn. It is difficult to agree, wherein it differs from the clubs in New Orleans, within a square or two, of whose doors half a dozen street cars pass.

Two lines of cars run in the direction of the battle ground, but neither passes within six squares of the big white-washed fence that surrounds the arena, and the sport unprovided with cash to

hire a cab or hack had a long tramp through the heavy sand, ankle deep, before he reached the narrow entrance to the arena.

THE AMPHITHEATER.

The arena is in the fair grounds at

Fairfield, six miles from the center of the

city by the tortuous lines of cars, but

scarcely more than half that distance as

the crow flies. Tapping a turn in the

railroad track, there used to be a high

old building used for any and all pur-

poses and having a board and strong

shed on either side. Around each side

of the building the club threw up a high

fence without a crevice through which

any peeping might be done. There was

no ornamentation in the construction of

the arena.

An uncharitable executive had stub-

bornly blocked the club at every turn until yesterday, but the club pegged away at its arena and when the announcement of the decision at the hands of the court

John Ekhard, Dave Holland, Mike Dwyer, Parson Davies, Jack Prince, Joe Quest, Jim Lavelle, Ed Wilson, Mattie Clune, Billy Plummer, Ed Pierce, Fred Tarn, Harry Stedeker, John Stratford, Clarence McCormick, Eddie Stoddard, Jimmie Carroll, Eddie Leahy, Frank Stevenson, Mike Davis, H. J. Baldwin, Charlie Thompson, H. G. McGonigle, Fred Cummings, George Hodson, Denny Costigan, Ben Plati, Billy Harris, Billy West, Doc Coleman, C. Bob Paton, Dominick Ormally, Billy Johnson, Bill Stakel, Prof. Jim Conner, Jim McCabe, Dan Creedon, Tom Tracey, W. F. Harding.

Howie Hodgkinson was there, and Harry Minar, T. L. Tenbrook, W. A. Edwards,

Henry Lehman, Sig Cohen, Tom Clegg, Tom Curry, Ed. S. Bradley, John Condon, Harry Varnell, John Gough, T. F. Eddy, Fred Watkins, Mattie Ridder, Denny Foley, Tom Allen, Mike Lawler, Colly Herman, Ed Tripp, Sid Herman, Phil Lynch, Major John M. Burke,

John McCloskey, E. A. Jones, Frank Stevenson, Archie Donaldson, Jules Bonner, Denver Ed. Smith.

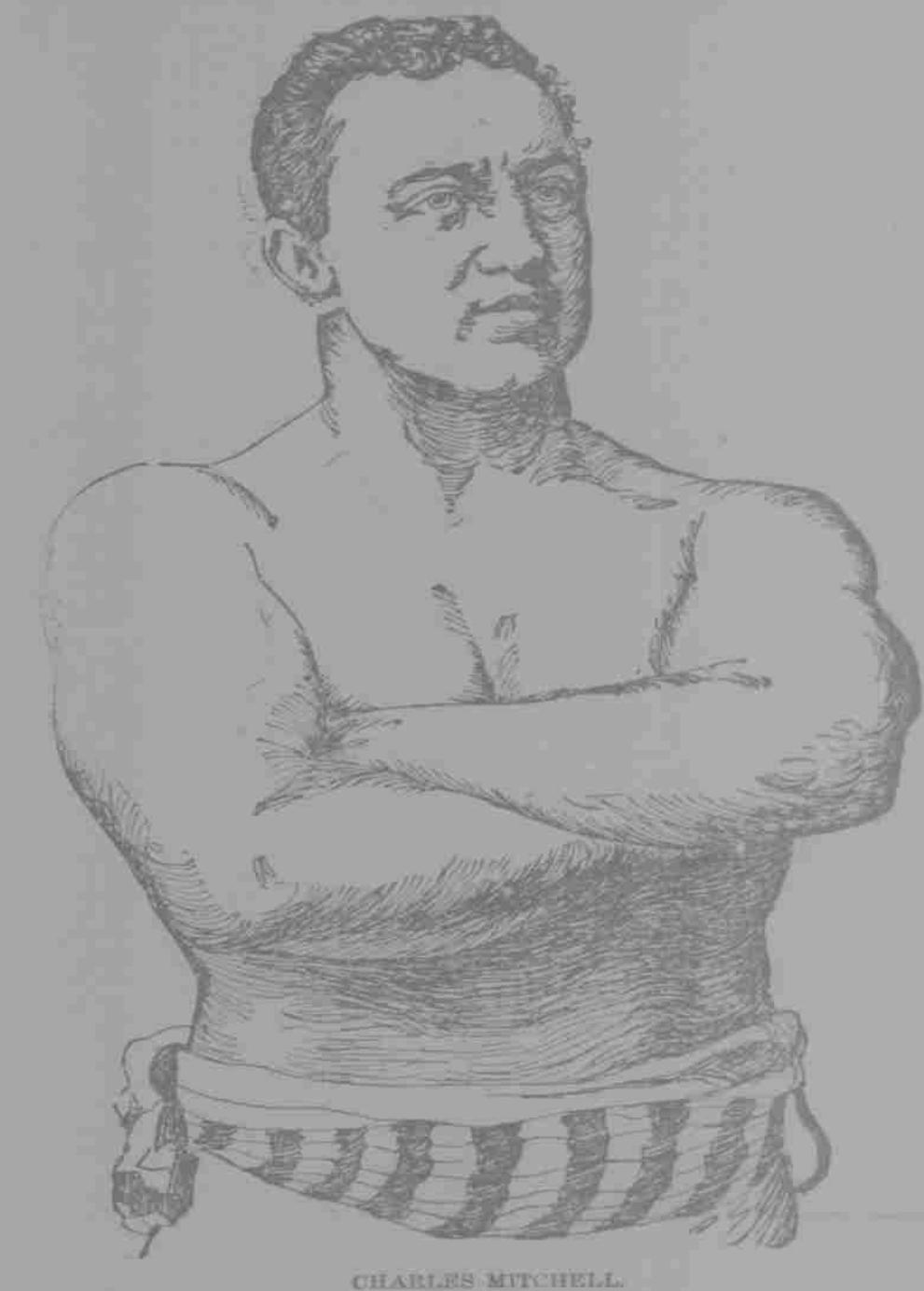
HISTORY OF THE FIGHT.

A RECENTLY CALLED LEADING UP TO THE DAY'S BATTLE.

JACKSONVILLE, Jan. 25.—The Corbett-Mitchell fight is regarded as the outcome of the twelve years' trial of the gladiatorial world. Mitchell when Sullivan was in his prime, Battled Mitchell and Corbett met each other in the ring. Mitchell, originally with the San Francisco, was a formidable claimant for the laurels which Corbett wrested from the prize of Boston to New Orleans a year ago.

[For additional news see 5 o'clock edition.]

(Continued on Second Page.)



CHARLES MITCHELL.
KNOCKED OUT IN THIRD ROUND.



CORBETT WITH RIGHT-ARM MUSCLES EXPANDED.
HE KNOCKS THE ENGLISHMAN OUT IN THE THIRD ROUND.

ready for bed that they were afraid they might miss something so they remained up and made themselves very much in evidence throughout the small hours. The morning dawned cloudy and rain began falling shortly after daylight with indications that the weather would clear before afternoon. The temperature could not be given, but it was about 40 degrees. The weather was arranged at once, Corbett would not step into the ring.

The rain was heavy in the north, therefore, prepared to accumulate as much wealth as possible to tide them through a hard summer. The sum of \$2,000 and \$1 was added and decided for a trip to the arena. The price carried with it the privilege of a return ticket, but there was no earthly chance of finding the original vehicle, as the various Jelks swapped anything that had the price of a ride, and let the majority of those whom they carried out get back to the town the best way possible.

Betting in Corbett's Favor. Jim Hall went over to inspect the ring on behalf of Mitchell and heartily approved of the alterations suggested by Dempsey and intimated, as Dempsey had done, that it would be wise action on the part of the club to get a move on itself. If it cared to see his principal in the light. This put the club almost in a bind and started to do things with what passes for a hurry in this deliberative land.

The nearer the combat comes the worse seems to be the management of the club. Its members this morning seem more than ever to justify Mitchell's caustic remark, "There isn't a man in it with brains enough to have a headache." He has always acted as though he was the person least interested in the fight. He jumped out of bed shortly after 1 o'clock, dressed and cleaned and announced promptly, "I'm taking breakfast, and I want a pretty quickie."

He went through a short series of exercises, was rubbed down and then turned his attention to his breakfast, which consisted of mutton chops, a little steak, a small amount of potato, toast and tea. This over, Mitchell sat quietly in his room waiting for the time to come for his departure for the ring side. He was as conservative in his estimate of his chances this morning as he has always been.

"I have a good chance, me boy, a good chance. I am going to whip him if I can and that's all I can say. Nobody can tell how a fight is going to come out. There are any number of things that happen to the best men in the world even if he was

through the heavy sand toward the place of combat.

Those who came early, however, had their trouble for their pains, as the club had workmen inside the arena busily working upon the suggestions made earlier in the day by Dempsey and Jim Hall until these preparations were made, nobody was admitted to the arena, and but few of the visitors were admitted to the grounds surrounding the club house.

This treatment only intensified the feelings of anger and intensity were possible, while the visitors had already acquired the head stinging gum. Corbett upper cut Mitchell again and lands with right on Charlie's ribs. Mitchell reaching Jim's chin. As a sharp rally with Corbett having all the best of it, Corbett knocks him down twice in succession. Jim scored his man cleanly and knocked him down again as he essayed to rise. The going saved Mitchell.